

SEA HUNS' SUBMARINES ARE BEING SUNK

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

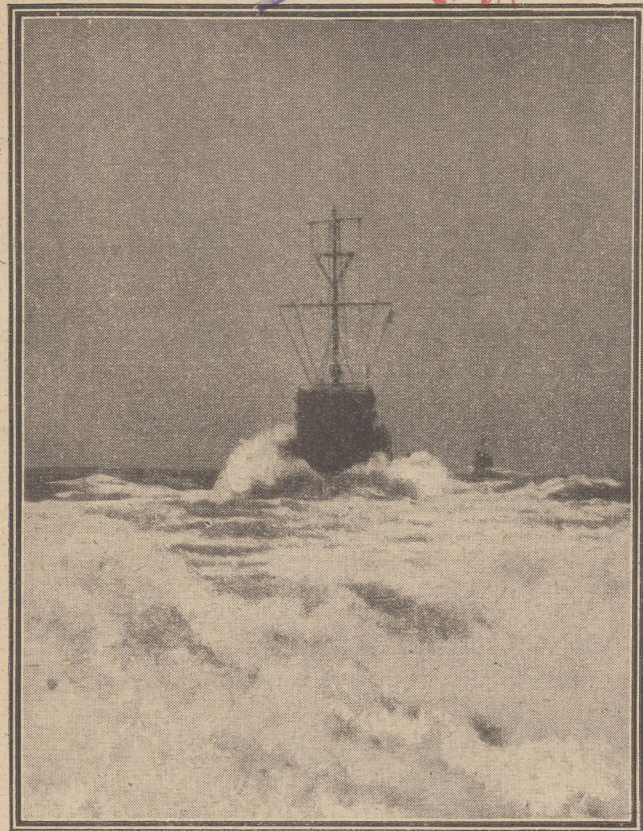
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SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1915

One Halfpenny.

THE SEA-HUNS LOSE U 8: GERMAN SUBMARINE SUNK OFF DOVER BY BRITISH DESTROYERS.



A British destroyer at full steam during the great North Sea battle.



The U 8 at sea. Drawn by a German artist.



The pirate crew after being landed at Dover. They were marched from the dockyard under an armed guard.

These are bad times for Admiral von Tirpitz and the other Potsdam Pirates. On Thursday afternoon the German submarine U 8 was sunk in the Channel off Dover by British destroyers. The officers and men were humanely rescued. They were landed at Dover

yesterday, and were marched to the Castle under an armed escort. The little action is of remarkable interest as a duel between the deadly submarine and the deadly destroyer. It is now established that the Thordis sank another German submarine.

£5,000 RESERVED FOR AMATEURS ALONE.

No Professionals in Competition for Our War Picture Offer.

AWARDS WEEK BY WEEK.

£5,000 for amateur photographers.

This remarkable offer made by *The Daily Mirror* has aroused an interest that may justly be described as world-wide, and to judge from the response already received in the offices of *The Daily Mirror* every photographic amateur who carries a camera is eagerly endeavouring to obtain one of the large amounts offered by *The Daily Mirror* for the encouragement of photographic art.

Naturally, so popular a scheme has brought in its train a number of plausible imitations. But *The Daily Mirror's* offer remains a genuine and generous offer of £5,000 to the amateur photographic public.

Any member of that public who possesses a camera may win a part of the £5,000, and he can send his snapshots with a guarantee from *The Daily Mirror* that he is not competing against the efforts of professional photographers. *The Daily Mirror's* offer is quite simple and straightforward.

PAYMENTS WEEK BY WEEK.

One thousand pounds will be paid for the most interesting snapshot published by the Editor between now and July 31. A sum of £250 will be paid for the second most interesting photograph published, and £100 for the third.

There is no time-limit for sending in snapshots in regard to the additional £3,650 offered. This money, divided into various amounts, will be paid to amateur photographers, week by week, as their photographs appear, until the whole sum has been distributed.

This £5,000 is to be spent amongst the amateur photographers of the country by *The Daily Mirror*.

Films will be developed free. Senders' names will not be disclosed.

This offer does not apply to photographs received through picture agencies or from professional photographers.

The Editor's decision must be accepted as final, and the copyright of photographs bought under this arrangement will be vested in *The Daily Mirror*.

Send all your war snapshots to *The Daily Mirror*, Bouverie-street, London, E.C.

HOW PROFESSIONALS STAND.

The offer in no way affects the ordinary payments of *The Daily Mirror* for photographs accepted from professional photographers.

As all professional photographers know, *The Daily Mirror* has paid in the past for photographs on a more generous scale than has any other journal in the kingdom.

It is the settled policy of *The Daily Mirror* to pay handsomely for photographs accepted from professional photographers, and this policy will be maintained in the future.

The £5,000 which we are going to distribute amongst the general public is to encourage their efforts in photographic art is, then, something entirely extra and apart from the vast payments which *The Daily Mirror* makes for the acquisition of the best photographs sent in from professional sources.

Of course, it would be easy for *The Daily Mirror* to reckon these large and consistent payments to professionals as part of the present announcement, but the £5,000 is to be spent on regular payments for photographs as part of the offer, in which case we might seek to excite the public by announcing that we were offering £20,000 or, shall we say, £50,000.

RECORD PRICE FOR POLAR PICTURES.

But, frankly, *The Daily Mirror* considers that such a course is misleading and unnecessary.

So there the position stands, clearly and definitely defined. £5,000 has been set aside by *The Daily Mirror* for amateur photographers, and £20,000 will be spent with the general public by *The Daily Mirror*.

And, in the meantime, *The Daily Mirror* will continue to make handsome payments for photographs taken by professional photographers and picture agencies.

As an example of this policy it may be announced now that *The Daily Mirror* has secured at a record figure the best photographs of Sir Ernest Shackleton's present Antarctic Expedition, so that still another photographic account of one of the great events in the history of our times will be presented exclusively to *Daily Mirror* readers.

LITTLE TICH SUED.

How the appearance of "stars" increases the takings of music-halls was described before Mr. Justice Bailhache yesterday, when the Golden Green Amusement and Development Company, Ltd., asked for the assessment of damages against Mr. Harry Rolph, known as Little Tich.

It was stated that he contracted to appear for a week at a salary of £150, but did not do so.

Counsel read out a list of the takings of the theatre. The receipts went up to £500 when Mr. Wilkie Bard appeared. Then they went down until June. Miss Marie Lloyd was on the bill, and they then went up to £350 to £715.

Mr. Reed, manager to the plaintiff company, described how people went away in shoals and how the queue vanished when it was found that Little Tich was not appearing.

Judgment was reserved.

LIBELLED BY CHATTER.

Officer Awarded £100 Damages Against Lord Leconfield.

'PRIVATE WIRE TO GERMANY.'

Libel damages of £100 were awarded against Lord Leconfield, of Petworth Park, at Sussex Assizes yesterday.

He was sued by Mr. Paul Ernest Schweder, of Goring, near Worthing, who complained of words used in a conversation between Lord Leconfield and Mr. A. W. F. Somerset which they were watching a county cricket match at Brighton on August 31.

Lord Leconfield, it was stated, remarked: "I hear there is a dangerous man in Worthing. The police raided his house, but he was too quick for them and destroyed the papers." Mr. Somerset replied he knew the man referred to (plaintiff), and was sure his lordship was mistaken. Lord Leconfield added: "I understand he had a private wire to Germany."

Plaintiff, who was wearing khaki uniform, said his father came over from Germany in 1838. Witness was born and had lived in England all his life. He had been a member of the Stock Exchange since 1881.

He had served in the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers, the Middlesex Yeomanry and the Army Motor Reserve. He was now on the headquarters staff of the Lancashire Territorials. After the outbreak of the war he noticed that people were not so friendly towards him. On August 16 his house was searched by the police, who took away an old Mauser rifle captured in the Boer War.

In cross-examination witness said Colonel Connolly, of Worthing, wrote to the Stock Exchange saying witness was reported to be stockbroker to the Kaiser, and that he was told he was a spy. Colonel Connolly had signed an apology.

In defence Lord Leconfield, who is captain in the 1st Life Guards, said that at the cricket match there was a general conversation about spies, and the search at a house near Worthing was referred to. At the time he did not know Mr. Schweder, and he denied making the statements alleged.

A DAY TO BE NOTED.

Special Fashion and Naval Pictures in Monday's Giant "Daily Mirror."

On Monday there will be another splendid special number of *The Daily Mirror*, consisting of twenty-four pages, which you should make a special point of obtaining.

It will be particularly interesting at the present time as there will be a series of pictures illustrating the fine work of our Navy at sea. The reputation and the efficiency of the Navy never stood higher than they do to-day, and the pictures will give an excellent idea of the lives of our sailor heroes live.

In addition to other interesting articles and photographs, there will be depicted some more of the latest spring fashions which were so successful a feature of last Monday's special issue.

There never was a time when there were so many quaint revivals in fashions.

There is a most dramatic development, too, in our great new service "Richard Chatterton, V.C.," which has scored so tremendous a success.

As usual, this special twenty-four page issue will be on sale at the ordinary price of one halfpenny. You will find it a most entertaining number, and you will do well to order it at once.

THE WEATHER.

Changeable, some rain, hail locally, fair to fine periods; lower temperature.

MESSRS. LYONS FINED £50

Magistrate on "Gross Negligence" in Meat Supply to Troops.

MAXIMUM PENALTY INFLICTED.

With the maximum penalty of a fine of £50 and £70 costs, the case in which Messrs. Lyons and Co. were summoned for having in their possession bad meat intended to be used as food for troops at the White City ended yesterday at West London Police Court. Notice of appeal was given.

Mr. Fordham, the magistrate, in reviewing the evidence, said Messrs. Lyons and Co. had undertaken the catering for 10,000 troops. He added: "I find the defendants deposited meat at the imperial kitchen in the White City; that the meat was used, and that it was intended for the food of the troops."

The magistrate expressed the opinion that there had been gross negligence on the part of the employees, which also amounted to negligence on the part of the firm.

"One would have thought," he said, "that Messrs. Lyons would have taken such care in carrying out their contract that it would have been impossible for bad meat to have got into the kitchen."

"They did not take reasonable care to see that these men were not poisoned or made very ill indeed, and, but for two men, this bad meat would have been served for dinner."

Mr. Fordham pointed out that the troops were going to risk their lives for their country, and many of them had thrown up good employment. There had been gross negligence, and he felt it his duty to impose the extreme penalty.

Mr. Fordham said he thought that the Hammersmith Borough Council would not have been giving their duty if they had not brought the prosecution.

NAME RACE SURPRISES.

Sarahs Proud of Their Effort to Provide Red Cross Ambulance.

Tremendous interest is being taken by women all over the country in the great campaign organised by the British Red Cross Society, to find out the most popular woman's Christian name, and, at the same time, to provide ambulance cars for the troops.

An ambulance car costs £400, and a very exciting race between the ninety-five women collectors, all of them anxious to be the first to raise that sum, is in progress.

The three most successful names at the present time are Margaret, Katherine and Elizabeth.

The great "race," which is open to all classes, is as eagerly discussed in the kitchen as in fashionable drawing-rooms.

"I'm simply a Sarah," says one housemaid to another, "but I see that the Sarahs of Great Britain have already collected over £80."

"And my name is Elizabeth," says her friend. "Who would have thought that it was the third most popular and successful name."

A few pretty and rather uncommon names, and the addresses of the women, who are collecting for them, are given below:—

Dulcie and Lois—Mrs. E. B. Ashurst, Wood House, East Grinstead.

Sheila and Iris—Miss Previte, Nunior, Olney, Bucks.

Penelope—Miss Wygram, Northlands, Landford, Salisbury.

Lady Bushman, of Okefield, Lyndhurst, Hants, who started this clever scheme for providing ambulance cars has collected £250 in the name of Rita.

MYSTERY OF MOTOR-CAR TRAGEDY.

Inquiries concerning the motor-car which plunged into the Tessa at Croft yesterday morning make it probable that it was owned and driven by Mr. W. Noble, of Darlington.

At the time of the accident there were five men in the car. All of them are missing, and no trace of them has been discovered.

GERMANY AWAKES TO BRITAIN'S MIGHT.

Tribute to Our Navy and Army in Inspired Berlin Article.

"OUR CHIEF ENEMY."

"Our high military commanders have repeatedly declared that the English long-service soldier is an adversary to be taken very seriously, and the result of naval engagements up to the present has proved that the English Navy fully realises the extent of its duties and responsibilities."

This remarkable German admission is made in an article in the *Hamburger Nachrichten* devoted to Germany's war against Britain—"our chief enemy." The article was communicated to the *Hamburg paper* from Berlin. A translation of the article was issued by the Press Bureau last night. It proceeds:—

There could be no greater error than to underestimate the importance of the war with England.

In all the wars which she has waged in the past England has fought with persistence and endurance, which qualities will doubtless be again revealed in the present struggle.

We know that the entire world is looking on at this war between Germany and England. The country which stands under the struggle will lose beyond all words in the estimation of the whole world, while its fall will add power and prestige to the victor.

A German defeat, apart from any war indemnity with which future generations might be burdened, would in all probability so cripple our resources that we should no longer be able even to contemplate the reconstruction of our military and economic forces or the creation of a fleet to vie with that of England, our most pressing need in the future!

NO MOCKING NOW.

Commenting on the article, the Press Bureau says:—

This tirade—presumably semi-official or inspired, since it has been communicated from Berlin—is of interest as showing a remarkable change in German opinion regarding the value of the British as foes, as well as a change in their attitude towards the war.

The old view that the English soldier was a "mercenary" has given place to a grudging recognition of the fact that he is "an adversary to be taken very seriously"; instead of "mocking" at our efforts to create fresh armies it is recognised that our "persistence and endurance" will be again revealed in the present struggle.

Hence Germany is entering upon a new phase in the struggle; it is no longer a contest for the domination of Europe. Instead of this she is engaged in a war in which her very existence is at stake, and in which England looms so formidable and menacing that she is regarded as the only enemy.

GIRLS' ROSEBUD ERA.

Old World Fashions with Flounces and Flowers for Pretty Young Belles.

Fichus, lace flowers, dainty petticoats and rosebuds are all included in the revival of Early Victorian fashions, and these are singularly suited to the young girl or young-looking woman.

With the little tight skirt and tube gown the flapper, mother and grandmother were very often dressed in exactly the same design. Now, with the wide skirts the modern grandmother will have to adopt the stiffer brocades and satins of the grandmothers of the past, and to the delicate falls all the delights of frills and rosebuds.

The young girl in her teens with a pretty, slim figure will assuredly look better in the old-world type of white lace and muslin flounced skirts and the exquisite sashes than either mamma or grandma.

The spring hats, too, are all more becoming to youth than to the mature woman.

The simple rustic hats, trimmed with only a black velvet band and a flat bow, or the tiny floral hats, are alike suitable to the rosy, clear-complexioned, unlined cheeks of the young girl.

COUNSEL AND GAMBLING LURES.

"Gambling is so rife in the metropolis that the military authorities take a very grave view of the matter."

Thus spoke Mr. Muskett, for the prosecution, in the case in which Francis Quinn, thirty-three, independent, was fined £250 and five guineas costs for using a house in Lower Grosvenor-place, S.W., as a gaming house.

Florence Lindsey, of Sandringham Court, Maida Vale, was fined £250 and five guineas costs for being concerned in the management of the premises, and Charles Nice, butler, was fined £50 for being concerned in the management.

Other defendants who were charged with frequenting the premises were bound over.

Mr. Muskett said that although a plea of guilty had been accepted, the defendants must not expect the case to be regarded as other than of a serious character, especially at the present juncture, when the Commissioner of Police had had no many complaints as to young officers being ruined in gaming houses.

Mr. Francis (the magistrate) said that had there been any actual evidence of officers frequenting this house he would have sent the principals to prison.



Eton boys get a ducking at the water jump in the senior steeplechase yesterday. In the circle is R. A. Knowles, the winner.

GERMAN SUBMARINE DESTROYED IN THE CHANNEL OFF DOVER

U 8 Sunk After Her Officers and Crew Are Taken Prisoners.

THORDIS ALSO SINKS A PIRATE.

Sea Huns Said To Have Lost Eight or Ten Submarines Since Blockade Began.

BRITISH DRIVE GERMANS FROM A TRENCH.

Germany's "blockade" is being badly holed. The Admiralty announced yesterday that the German submarine U 8 had been sunk off Dover on the previous day, and that the officers and men were taken prisoners.

Numbering twenty-nine, the officers and men of the submarine were landed at Dover yesterday and marched to the castle under armed escort.

Such a capture of a raiding submarine is a notable feather in the cap of the Navy.

In addition, the Admiralty reports, after the examination of the Thordis, that "in all probability" the steamer sank a German submarine, so that two of the pirate vessels must be written off at Kiel.

The U 8 was a much smaller boat than the latest German submarines. Her displacement was 300 tons under water, as against the 1,000 tons or so of the newest class.

But she was a useful vessel, and the best of the 1908-1910 group of her. Her speed was thirteen knots above water and eight below. She had three torpedo tubes.

FATE OF TWO SEA PIRATES IN CHANNEL.

German Officers and Men Taken Prisoners from Submarine Off Dover.

The sinking of the U 8 was announced yesterday by the Secretary to the Admiralty in the following statement:—

Yesterday afternoon the German submarine U 8 was sunk in the Channel off Dover by destroyers.

The officers and men were taken prisoners.

The S.S. Thordis has been examined in dry dock and the injuries to her keel and propeller confirm the evidence of Captain Bell and the crew, that on February 28 the vessel rammed, and in all probability sunk, a German submarine which had fired a torpedo at her.

"8 OR 10 PIRATES SUNK."

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

DOVER, March 5.—Great interest was displayed here to-day in the landing of four German officers and twenty-five men of the submarine U 8, which was sunk last evening in the Channel. News had leaked out that the prisoners were to be taken to the castle from the cruiser on which they had spent the night before being sent away from Dover to an internment camp.

A strong guard of the Royal Garrison Artillery marched from the castle to the dockyard, where the cruiser was lying with the prisoners on board.

The German crew were formed up in double line on the pier with the four officers leading, and were then marched off by the armed guard.

"HAMBURG" MEN.

Most of the prisoners were in ordinary naval working dress and some of the men's caps bore the words "H.I.M.S. Hamburg."

Some of the women—mostly wives and relatives of British naval men—were also present, showing a certain amount of feeling against the Germans as they were marched off to the castle. They put themselves in threatening attitudes, but the German seamen only laughed, while their officers took no notice.

It is reported that the German officers admitted in conversation with the officers of the British cruiser that Germany had lost eight or ten submarines since the "blockade" was declared.

To-day the German officers were the guests of the Royal Artillery officers at lunch at Dover Castle.

GUN-ARMED SUBMARINE.

The capture of a submarine crew is a most notable performance.

The British Admiralty has always placed considerable confidence in the value of underwater craft, and the Powers have feverishly sought to augment their underwater fighting fleets.

Naturally enough, life aboard one of these submarine monsters is far from pleasant. There is barely room even in the widest part for a man of more than the average height to stand upright.

A few years ago Krupp introduced a new type of gun for submarines, and it has since been fitted in some of the latest boats.

This gun is of small calibre, perhaps at the most a three-pounder.

There is a water-tight hatchway on the upper surface of the submarine's hull, which opens, enabling the gun on its special mounting to be turned upwards on its hinges and attachment.

The surrounding framework of the hatchway forms a base to which the gun is bolted, and when the sights and shoulder-rest have been attached the gun is ready for action.

GERMAN TRENCH TAKEN.

The Field-Marshal commanding the British Forces in France reports as follows:—

Since my last communiqué the situation on our front has remained unchanged.

The results of the artillery exchanges have been consistently satisfactory.

Minor enterprise has been of daily occurrence, usually on our initiative.

South of the Xprea Canal we captured a German advanced trench during the night of the 1st-2nd, but it was rendered untenable by the enemy's artillery fire during the next day, and was evacuated.

In the same neighbourhood, on the 2nd, the enemy were forced to evacuate a trench by our artillery fire, thereby enabling our infantry to inflict several casualties for the trench trenches.

During the night of the 2nd-3rd, a German working party was dispersed by a small party who advanced and bombed them.

On March 2 one of our aeroplanes flying behind the German lines twice attacked single German machines and forced them both to descend.

RHEIMS CATHEDRAL BOMBARDED.

PARIS, March 5.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

To the north of Arras, near Notre Dame de Lorette, we have captured the greater portion of the advanced trench which we lost the day before yesterday, and have taken 150 prisoners. The enemy has again bombarded Rheims Cathedral.

In Argonne, at Vauquois, we repulsed two counter-attacks and made fresh progress, inflicting upon the enemy considerable losses, as well as taking many prisoners. We are masters of the greater part of the village.—Exchange.

THE PRINCE AND WOUNDED

PARIS, March 5.—A message from Bethune states that during the last few days the Prince of Wales visited the hospital there and, after having had the staff of the hospital presented, walked through the wards and spoke a few cheering words to the wounded.

The Prince showed special interest in the French Territorials who were wounded in the French of the fighting at Givenchy and La Bassée.—Reuter.

FIRST BRITON TO WIN IT

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE, March 4.—Sir John French was this afternoon presented by General Delacour, late Commander-in-Chief of the French Army, with the Médaille Militaire, the highest French military honour obtainable.

Sir John French is the only Englishman on whom it has ever been bestowed.

General Delacour, in making the presentation, alluded to the sincere appreciation of the French nation of the magnificent work Sir John French was doing, and of the great courage and endurance displayed by the army he so ably commanded, and also to the absolute confidence of the French people that the victory of the Allies was now assured.

Afterwards General Delacour presented Generals Sir J. Willcocks (Indian Army), Sir E. Allenby and Sir W. Pakenham with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour.—Reuter.

SAPPHIRE'S SHELLS MAKE THE TURKS RUN.

British Cruiser's Good Work—Dardanelles Again Shelled—Russian Fleet Moving.

ATHENS, March 5.—It is reported here that the cruiser Sapphire fired twenty shots on the Turkish camps near Dikeli, opposite the island of Mytilene.

The bombardment was provoked by the Turks, who began firing with their quickfiring. As the result of the Sapphire's fire the Turks fled in panic. Reuter.

FRENCH WARSHIPS' SUCCESS.

PARIS, March 5.—An official communiqué issued by the Ministry of Marine states that the battleships continued methodically yesterday their operations in the Dardanelles.

The observation station at Gabba Pepe was destroyed by the fire from a cruiser, and the Turkish batteries were shelled. The French cruiser D'Entre Casseaux demolished the senaphore light-house at Arsonm.

The battleship Jaureguiberry destroyed the Turkish oil depot at Saint-Exchange. ROME, March 5.—The *Giornale d'Italia* learns from Bukarest that the Russian Fleet has been sighted near Burges (Bulgaria) steaming in the direction of the Bosphorus.—Central News.

SEA DOGS' ADVICE.

The Turkish Chargé d'Affaires in Vienna, states, advises from Bukarest, according to the Central News, received instructions from his Government to demand that Austria should immediately come to Turkey's help.

The Austrian Government replied that Turkey should not lose hope of final victory. It advised her, however, while waiting for it, to transfer the capital to Asia.

HOW BOMB WAS DROPPED ON FOE'S POWDER WORKS.

Flame and Smoke at Rottweil That Reached Nearly a Mile High.

PARIS, March 5.—The following official account of the French airman's attack on the powder works at Rottweil is issued here:—

The powder works at Rottweil are one of the most important establishments of the kind in Germany. Rottweil is situated on the Neckar, on the other side of the Black Forest, at a distance of ninety-three miles from Beifort as the crow flies.

One of our airmen descended as low as 1,660 yards over the works in order to throw his bombs with the greater accuracy.

He succeeded in dropping four 90-millimetre melinite shells—the first on the acid tanks and the other three on the works themselves.

The projectile dropped on the tanks caused blue smoke to shoot up, which the airman at first took for the smoke of a gun fired on himself. Soon after a huge flame rose from the same spot, with columns of thick smoke which reached as high as the aeroplane—1,660 yards.

He was thus able to note that besides the principal outbreak, flames were shooting up from different points.—Reuter.

ON VERGE OF FAMINE.

New York, March 5.—A telegram to the Tribune from Washington says:—

A report of the American Vice-Consul-General in Berlin to the Department of Commerce in Washington says that Germany is on the verge of famine.

The report is dated January 23, and the constant drain of the war has probably made conditions worse now.

The report adds:—"The daily problem of the food supply grows in importance. Everything possible is being done by the German Government to regulate the use and further conservation of existing supplies."—Reuter.

BIG SLICE OF GALICIA HELD BY RUSSIA.

Area of 37,500 Square Miles, Greater Than That of Belgium.

VAIN GERMAN BOASTS.

German boasts and Russia's grip on enemy territory are strikingly contrasted in a semi-official statement which has been issued at Petrograd.

This statement, dealing only with facts, and not with hopes and exaggerations, shows that Russia occupies 37,500 square miles of Galicia—an area greater than that of Belgium, with a population of 6,500,000.

To the ceaseless German claim that the best Prussian regiments have accomplished prodigies of valour, Petrograd opposes such facts as these: the 20th East Prussian Army Corps abandoned 600 prisoners, while the infantry of the 1st Reserve Corps lost three-fourths of its effectives.

HUGE AUSTRIAN LOSSES.

Petrograd, March 4.—A semi-official Note issued this evening says:—

The valiant troops of General Broussiloff continue vigorously to repulse the desperate rush of the Austrians in the Carpathians.

Austrian officers who have been taken prisoners state that their troops have never suffered such enormous losses as during the recent attacks which we repulsed. Certain divisions were completely annihilated.

The Germans' loss of their troops in Eastern Prussia. Yet during the assault on the village of Kerjek an infantry brigade of the 20th East Prussian Army Corps abandoned 600 prisoners to us besides suffering very great loss in killed and wounded.

Similarly at Prasnyz these vaunted troops were the most severely tried, especially the 1st Reserve Corps, whose infantry lost three-fourths of its effectives.

RUSSIA'S GRIP ON GALICIA.

Our temporary evacuation of the Bukovina and part of Eastern Galicia has caused the appearance in the enemy's Press of assertions that we only hold a very small portion of Galicia, and that we are about to evacuate Lwow (Lemberg).

The last assertion conflicts with the operations on the Austrian front.

As for the part of Galicia which we occupy, it extends to 37,500 square miles, with a population of 6,500,000—i.e., it almost equals Belgium in population and exceeds it in area.—Reuter.

WOMEN AID TROOPS.

Petrograd, March 4.—The capture of the village of Kerjek, recorded in a dispatch from the Grand Duke Nicholas, indicates a considerable advance by the Russians in the region of Prasnyz, as it lies twenty-one miles north-east of Prasnyz and ten miles south of Myshinetz.

The Germans are making a stand on the River Omuleff, which rises near Villenberg, in East Prussia, evidently in the hope of interrupting communications between the Russians in the region of Prasnyz and on the Myshinetz-Kolno front.

At the time when the Germans advancing in the Grodno region were threatening the Warsaw railway all the peasants in the countryside aided the Russian troops with the utmost devotion.

They were tireless in mounting guard over the line, both men and women spending days and nights in the woods and miry fields, many of them armed with old muzzle-loading guns, on the alert for the German advance guards.

They made a good number of scout prisoners, binding their hand and foot. In some cases they tied up the locks of the captured rifles "lest they should shoot anybody."—Reuter's Special Service.

MESSRS. LYONS FINED £50

Mr. Fordham, the West London magistrate, gave his decision yesterday in the case in which Messrs. Lyons and Co. were summoned for having in their possession bad meat intended to be used as food for troops stationed at the White City.

The magistrate said:—"I find the defendants deposited meat at the imperial kitchen in the White City; that the meat was unsound, and that it was intended for the food of the troops."

"I should have thought that Messrs. Lyons would have taken such care in carrying out their contract that it would have been impossible that bad food should be served out to the gallant soldiers who had abandoned their homes and those most dear to them in order to uphold the honour and safety of their country."

"There has been gross negligence, and I feel it to be my duty to impose the extreme penalty." The penalty imposed was a fine of £50 and £70 costs. Notice of appeal was given.



Two of the ten motor-ambulances which have been presented to Russia arriving at Marlborough House yesterday for inspection by Queen Alexandra.

SERBIAN WOMEN WEEP OVER THE GRAVES OF THEIR LOST ONES



This tragic photograph serves to remind us of the sacrifices in men made by gallant little Serbia for the common cause of the Allies. Since the Serbians successfully drove the Austrians out of their country comparatively little has been heard of their movements.

OUR CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS AT GOLF.



Of the fifty or so wounded soldiers usually recuperating at the palatial clubhouse of St. George's Hill Golf Club there are always a dozen or so keen golfers.

A FIGHTING FAMILY.



The Hon. Mrs. Ian Maitland is a member of the Border family of Bell-Irving, of whom over a dozen members are fighting for their country.

SHOCKS IN SOCKS.



The "nut" of the day has taken to wearing patriotic hose. Flags of all nations are being worked into modern socks by Perth fisherwomen.

MINIATURE TOY FACTORY RUN BY GIRLS.



In Lancaster-road, Notting Hill, a miniature toy factory has been established in which a number of poor girls design and make pretty models. They are well paid for their clever work, which is most congenial to girls who are not strong enough for heavier duties.



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By Daily Use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

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10 for 3d. 100 for 2/6.
OBTAINABLE AT ALL TOBACCONISTS.
THOMSON & PORTEOUS, EDINBURGH.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1915.

THE FIDGETS.

A HUGE DIVERSION of labour from ordinary channels into the martial main-current has not visibly affected the crowds returning home at night here, in the now rarer motor-omnibuses, in tramway-cars, and in trains. (These vehicles are as full as ever—the motor-omnibuses much fuller—though a perhaps mistaken fancy may conceive that the faces lined up in them are even more elderly and plain than they used to be; and also a little more lined and worried. Looking along the line of them, one still feels inclined to speculate concerning them, as they are carried homewards, very tired, at the end of the day: "How do they all now seek rest and recreation? How will they pass the evening?"

In arguing about the war? Well, many of us have given that up. In following out Mr. Belloc's weekly plans? Good for those who can afford sixpence. In impressing the need for economy upon somebody else? That leads to quarrels, and quarrels wear one out. No: the evenings, for those who remain, we suppose, pass much as usual. Only one difference is to be discerned. People fidget more. Fidgetiness is on the increase. It disturbs domestic happiness.

For after he has got up for the fifth or sixth time, and wandered away to the window, and looked out upon a back-yard or a blank wall or a chimney or something equally civilised, she turns uneasily in her knitting-chair and asks: "Dear, aren't you fidgeting rather? Couldn't you get a book or something?"

He collapses into his chair again and takes up a book from the library.

A moment, then, of what in former ages was domestic quietness. But she has her knitting, and knitting needles are implements of conversation, and as she hauls out a longer width of cable and sends the ball flying over the floor, she is prompted to make one of those desultory remarks that disturb without interesting—that interrupt reading and do not constitute conversation. She says: "There was no news in any of the evening papers."

He replies: "You told me just now not to fidget. What are you doing?"

"I am sitting perfectly still."
"No, you're not; you're fidgeting in talk. You're making remarks for the sake of making them. I can't read while you knit."

"I can't knit while you wander about."
"I wasn't wandering."
"But you were going to. I could see you're eye wandering to the window."
"I was only going to light a cigarette."
"Can't you do that without wandering?"
"Can't you knit without talking?"
"I'll try."

She does try, nobly, and he tries to keep still. But then his legs ache and he must stretch them. And as he obviously isn't reading attentively she makes another remark. Then again both fidget. And both have an impression that really there's nothing to do.

Our supposed modern nervousness, our inability to keep still, our movement from place to place, our incapacity for prolonged attention—we were reproached for all that, before the war. While it lasts there seems small prospect of reformation. No doubt after the war we shall be able to concentrate again.

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

If men would only open their eyes to the fact which stares them in the face from history, and is made clear enough by the slightest glance at the condition of mankind, that humanity is of infinitely greater importance than their own or any other particular belief, they would no more attempt to make private property of the grace of God than to fence in the sunshine for their own special use and enjoyment.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

THE ENGLISH GIRL FIRST.

THE IDEA that the British soldier likes the French girl better than the English is absurd. He wants to be polite, and he tries in France to treat all women with the perfect courtesy Lord Kitchener recommended. That is all. His heart, however, is at home, as we all know. De Vere-gardens, S.W. ON LEAVE.

FRESH AIR WORSHIPPERS.

SINCE reading "A Lover of Comforts" letter last Saturday I have looked at "Through the Mirror" to see whether others agreed with the sensible reflections contained in it. As no one else has commented on it, perhaps I may be allowed to do so. Having spent, at any rate,

ing from one while there, only to catch a miserable one in one of my first railway journeys on landing on my native shore. A fresh air worshipper insisted on the open window in spite of a cold, damp mist, and no wraps or rugs would keep out the raw cold, while the long night journey from the South in a comfortably-warmed carriage gave me no inconvenience whatever. I am sure many must have had similar experiences. SWALLOW.

HER DUTY.

I WOULD say to "Stricken": "Here is a splendid opportunity for testing fate. Bury sentiment. Duty to parents is the first consideration." If "Stricken's" fate is to be a servant of the public, she will find herself "right

MALE HYPOCRISY ABOUT WOMAN'S DRESS.



When men give advice to women about what they should wear, they generally recommend useful clothing clothes, with aprons, heavy boots, and "things that last well." And yet when women take the advice and wear these clothes, the men turn their attention to the women who make themselves attractive.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

part, if not the whole, of twenty-two winters in the south of France, but having now to remain in my native land, I find that far more trying, even than the English climate, is the craze for draughts and cold. If those who have the craze never caught a cold I would say they were in the right, but I find the "fresh air" worshippers suffer from colds quite as much as anyone else.

On the Riviera we habitually always found the colds were much more prevalent among the English newcomers, who would insist, to the great discomfort of others, on continuing their "fresh air" craze while there. A year when the majority of the hotel guests were French, Russian or Italian colds were rare or unknown visitations, but a year when English were in the majority colds were the order of the day.

No people keep their houses so warm as the Russians, and certainly no one can say that they have not had their full share of the discomforts of a winter campaign, so it hardly looks as if this hardening process of cold and draughty houses is so necessary to the well-being of the race.

Though a martyr to colds when I first went to the sunny South, I was years without suffer-

there," in spite of the road she has taken seeming to lead to mediocrity and atrophy of talent.

On the other hand, if her "fate" be the domestic hearth, she might gain popularity and even fame as a singer, but the limelight existence would be only a brief experience, and domesticity would assert its claim. To a "fatalist" worry and doubt are unrecognised relations. "Duty" is the signpost on life's highway. CHARLOTTE BROOK.

A CORPSE IN WINTER.

Shades, though you're leafless, save the bramble-spear.
When weather-beaten leaves, of purple stain,
In hardy stubbornness cling all the year
To their old thorns, till Spring buds new again;
Shades, still I love you better than the plain.
For here I find the earliest flowers that blow,
While on the bare bleak bank do yet remain
Old Winter's traces, little beads of snow.
Beneath your ashen roots, primroses grow
From dead grass tufts and matted moss, once more;
Sweet beads of violets dare again be seen.
In their deep purple pride; and, say display'd,
The crow-flowers, creeping from the naked green,
Add early beauties to your sheltering shade. JOHN CLARE.

"SELFISH MARRIAGE."

Is the Bachelor More Self-Denying Than the Married Man?

DOING HIS DUTY.

THE discussion now running in your interesting paper with regard to "Marriage in War-time" has interested me very considerably. I am very sorry for the authors of the last three letters. Their lives are certainly lacking of its brightness.

It is my very firm intention to be married if I possibly can before the end of this year, whether war has ceased or not. What is more, I am going to be happy, because I do not believe in leaving one's home frequently for other amusements and pastimes. When, and if, children arrive I shall be all the more proud of my wife and home.

No doubt I am most unpatriotic, and a few other things, but I do not believe anyone could alter my views. My pleasures I shall always make and find at home, and this, I am firmly convinced, is the secret of a happy marriage. A MAN.

THE REAL EGOTISM.

TRUTH will come out eventually, however long it may take in the process, and this is proved by the fact that we have at last found out that it is the married man, and not the bachelor, who is so selfish.

In order to possess one particular woman, the married man has taken her from a comfortable home, married her, imposed upon her the troubles and worries of married life, and subjected her to the entire exclusion of her mother, who was called "unnatural" and "neglectful" if she suggested a little frivolity occasionally.

Could selfishness be greater? QUERY.

MORE SELFISHNESS?

I HAVE read with interest the letter of "An Experienced Married Man," and can sympathise with his views. My own first marriage was very happy—till baby arrived and occupied her father's love and attention to the entire exclusion of her mother, who was called "unnatural" and "neglectful" if she suggested a little frivolity occasionally.

Some years after, I married again. After three years' happiness I can truly say we neither of us regret our childless home. A HAPPY WIFE.

WHEN CHILDREN COME.

THE "Experienced Married Man" may be right in what he says about children causing unhappiness, unless one is rich enough to afford nurse, so that husband and wife can still be together. But I am sorry to see that he considers himself and his club in his letter and does not say anything about what his wife has to go through from start to finish. All her little pleasures are sacrificed, the fretful baby to contend with all day, the housework, and, in humble households, very often no help, as many servants will not stay where there is a baby.

"Experienced Married Man" writes at the end of his letter as if his wife were solely to blame for bringing the baby into the world, when he only married "so as to be with the girl he loves."

UNSELFISH MARRIED MAN.

Putney.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 5.—All hardy perennials may be planted this month. If possible, choose a mass of one variety, instead of dotting plants about. The campanulas (bell-flowers) are a very interesting and valuable family. The dwarf kinds (such as turbinata, carpathica, pusilla and pulla) are delightful subjects for the rockery; they bloom rather late in the season when most rock-garden flowers have faded. The best tall campanulas are latifolia, persicifolia, lactiflora, glomerata and grandis. These are easy to grow and make a pretty display of blue and white. E. F. T.

DECORATED

P. 14929



Captain Property, of the steamer Laertes, who defied a German submarine, leaving Buckingham Palace after being decorated by the King.

GENERAL BOELLE RECEIVES NEWS.

P. 15041



General Boelle, the distinguished commander of the Fourth French Army Corps, receiving dispatches from an aviation officer who has brought news of the enemy's movements. With the General are a number of staff officers, all of whom appear to be intensely interested in the sky messenger.

GALLANT

P. 1243 A



Captain Duncan Campbell, House of Commons. He is returned from the front.

SECRET VISITS.

P. 15409



Admiral von Hintze, the new German Minister at Peking, who tells a remarkable story of a secret visit to England since war broke out.

SULTAN FLED?

P. 14900



Mahomed V., Sultan of Turkey, who, it is reported from Athens, has already fled from Constantinople for fear of the Allies or of his own people.

WOUNDED SOLDIERS WHO CARRY LABELS.

P. 14910 J



Group of French wounded on their way to hospital. Note the label on each man denoting his name and injuries. The French wounded are famous for their cheerfulness under almost any circumstances.

MURDER TRIAL.

P. 16953



Louis Flatow, a German subject, who was charged at the Old Bailey yesterday with the murder of his wife, Ann. He was found guilty, but insane.

HUSBAND AT WAR.

P. 14954



Lady Vere Valerie Lacon, whose husband, Captain Sir George H. V. Lacon, is serving the country with the Royal Warwickshire Regiment.

A LONELY OUTPOST.

P. 14911 K

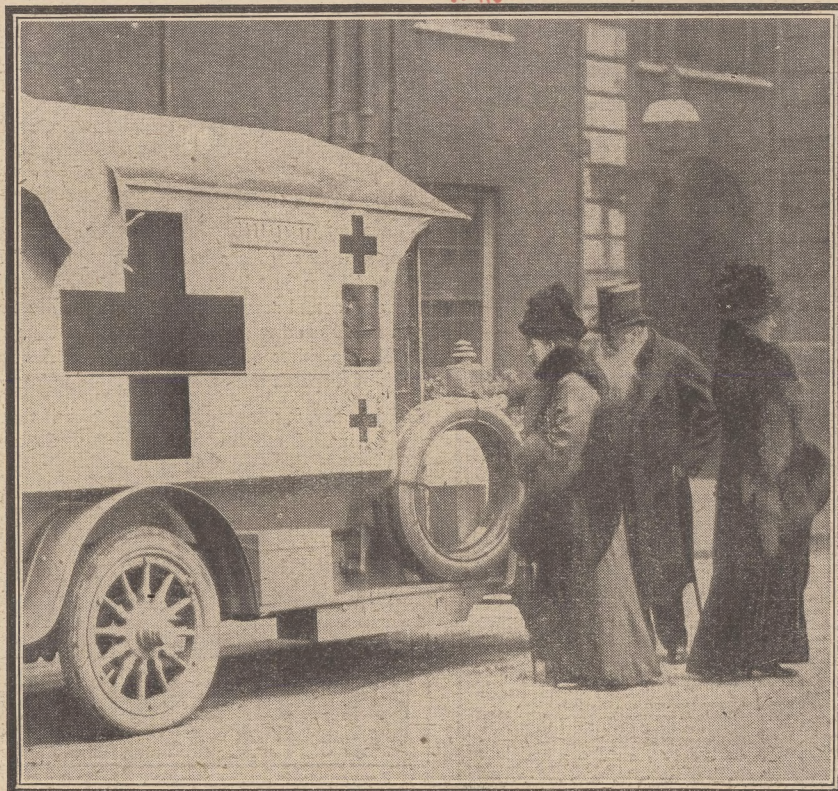


This is a photograph of a flooded district of the Somme. The hut is a small hut built of wood and is one of the few habitable places in the area.

OUNDS.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA INSPECTS AMBULANCES

9. 116 D



Ten splendidly equipped motor-ambulances, a gift to Russia, were inspected by Queen Alexandra yesterday, and the picture shows her Majesty examining one of the vehicles in the grounds of Marlborough House. With her is Sir Dighton Probyn. Princess Victoria is also seen in the picture.

SCOTS BAYS

9. 5649 B



The Scots Guards yesterday proudly displayed a laurel wreath above their colours. It was the 104th anniversary of the battle of Barrosa.

"BELGIAN ARMS."

9. 228 N



This public-house was formerly called The King of Prussia. It has now been renamed The Belgian Arms, and Birmingham is pleased with the change.

FRAULEIN SACRIFICES HER MUFF.

9. 423



German officers wearing the muffs which have been sent to the front for their use. The fraus and the frauleins are going without, and are, presumably, reduced to woollen gloves.

HEROIC PRIVATE.

P. 17671



Private H. C. Kettle, of Coventry, who has been mentioned in dispatches for performing three heroic deeds in one day.

TO MARRY SOON.

P. 17671



Miss Mary Pelham, daughter of the Hon. T. H. W. Pelham, of Deene House, who is to marry on April 14 Mr. Piercy at the Chapel Royal, Savoy.

Watch, entering the Ayrshire, and has rapnel wounds.

E FLOODS.



who is stationed in man has a comfort-trives to keep warm

SOLD TO ARMY.

9. 1039 B



A huge pig for the British Army weighing 45st. There will be plenty of the very best pork for our "Tommies" in the near future.

"NERVE-RECONSTRUCTION"

Particulars of a Wonderful Product for the Nervous and the Weak, Which is Now Being Prescribed by 10,000 Doctors Throughout Europe.

10,000 PACKAGES FREE TO SUFFERERS.

"Nerve-Reconstruction" is the medical sensation of the day.

Over 4,000 people have testified that they have been cured of "nerves" by this method. Thousands more are benefiting under this new treatment. "Weak Nerves" have been made strong. Diminished vitality has been reinforced. Failing energies have been re-vitalized. In a word, they have completely regained their health, to no longer exhibit the slightest trace of the (often serious) nervous weakness.

This 4,000-fold health change for the better has been brought about by a marvellous new method of "Nerve-Reconstruction." Everyone may now benefit from this method free of charge.

What is "Nerve-Reconstruction"? It is a system of rebuilding weak or disordered nerves by a scientific method. Your nerves (including your brain) are responsible for every action of your body. Scientific tests prove that these nerves are composed of millions of minute nerve-cells.

These nerve-cells, though infinitely small, are extremely voracious. They are little workers with big appetites. Their numbers are as the sands of the seashore.

Unless these nerve-cells feed they cannot work. All the nervous ailments men and women suffer from to-day are due to insufficiently nourished nerve-cells.

As these nerve-cells cannot move about, their food must be brought to them. They are like those strange inhabitants of the ocean depths which, fixed to some rocky recess and unable to move, feed directly upon the minute forms of life that float past them in the sea.

The task of feeding this army of hungry nerve-cells is performed by the blood.

To feed these nerve-cells the blood extracts from the food you eat a certain essential nerve-nutrient. This nerve-nutrient is extracted in infinitesimal quantities from ordinary food, and reaches the nerve-cells in the form of a Phosphoric Substance. It is this element, "Phosphorus," which keeps the nerve-cells alive and strong enough to do their work. When they don't get enough of it they become weak and disordered.

Here are some of the conditions of the nerve-cells and restorable by the new method of Nerve-Reconstruction. Read down this list. See if the illness or weakness from which you are suffering is included. You can learn how to get rid of any of these troubles and regain your health by accepting the proffered seven-day trial of this great "Nerve-Reconstructing" Method. Here are a few ailments due to Nerve-Cell Starvation:-

- Sleeplessness.
- General Debility.
- Pains in Back.
- Inability to Concentrate your Mind.
- Bad Memory.
- Headache and Neuralgia.
- Brain Fog.
- Irritability.
- Loss of Energy.
- Dizziness.
- Depression and Melancholia.
- Lack of "fire" and vigour.
- Excessive Shyness and Timidity.
- Hysteria.
- Anæmia.
- Incipient Consumption.
- Failing Vision.

All these are cured by the "Nerve-Reconstruction" method discovered by the great scientist, Dr. Muller.

DR. MULLER'S WONDERFUL FOOD.

Dr. Muller has discovered an exact counterpart of the natural nerve-nutrient supplied to healthy nerves.

Dr. Muller has rendered this Nerve-Food easily assimilable by the blood and nerves.

You take this Nutrient through your digestive organs. It is assimilated and taken by the blood straight to the semi-starved nerve-cells. The blood seizes upon it as a half-starved man seizes upon food.

During the continuation of the War any purchaser of a 2/9, 5/6 or larger package can have a similar size package sent to any friend in the Expeditionary Force at the Front free of charge. Simply return chemist's voucher with six stamps to cover cost of foreign postage.

IMPORTANT "WAR" NOTICE!

The Muller Laboratories are, and have always been, under purely British Control and Ownership, and Dr. Muller's

Nutrient is guaranteed not to be a German product.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

AMBASSADORS—Harry Grattan's "ODDS AND ENDS" preceded by Harcourt's "The Great Game" Thurs and Sat. 2.30. Stalls 10s. 6d. 7s. 6d. bal. 7s. 6d. 5s.; upper circle 4s.; pit 2s. 6d.; stalls 1s. 6d. 1s. 1s.

APOLLO—2.30 and 8.30. Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY presents a BUSY DAY, by R. O. Canton.

AT 2 and 8.30—Cory. Matinee, Wed. and Sat. at 2.

COMEDY—At 3 and 9. Mat. and Sat. at 2 and 8.30. Mr. Ernest Hastings.

DALYS, Leicester Square. To-day, at 2 and 8.30. Mat. and Sat. at 2 and 8.30. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS.

PRODUCTION—A COUNTRY GIRL (Special Reduced Prices).

CLOAK—"Excuse Me!" First Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2.30.

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Mrs. LAURENCE FAYLOR in *PER MY HEART*.

HAYMARKET 2.30 and 8. The FLAG LIEUTENANT.

Mrs. AYNSHUR in *THE THREE STARS* and *GOODYEAR*.

TEARLE, Mat. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. Tel. Regent 4466.

HER MAJESTIES—*DAVID COPPERFIELD*.

To-day, at 2 and 8. Matinee, Wed. and Sat. at 2.

HERBERT TREE—*EVELYN MILLARD*.

KINWAY, At 2.30 and 8.30. *PATSY'S FIRST PLAY*.

LENA ASHVELL, HENRY ANLEY. Mat. Wed. Sat. 2.30.

LYRIC—To-day, at 2.30 and 8.30. Mat. and Sat. at 2.30.

THE GREYS, Holborn. Mat. Wed. Sat. 2.30.

NEW—At 2.30 and 8.30. *THE GIRL IN THE TAXI*.

Mrs. L. W. BAKER, Mat. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. Tel. Regent 4466.

ROYAL—*THE LAMBS OF ST. JOHN'S HOME*.

DENNIS EADIE, 2.30, 8.15. Mat. Thurs. Sat. 2.

JAMES'S—*KINGS AND QUEENS*.

A New Play by Rudolf Besier. Mat. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

GEORGE ALEXANDER—*MARIE LOHR*.

Matinee, Wed. and Sat. 2.30. Tel. Regent 4466.

SAVOY—To-day, at 3 and 8.45. Mr. H. B. IRVING in "SEARCHLIGHTS," by H. A. Yachell. At 2.30 and 8.15. The Drummers. Matinee, Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

STRAND—To-day, at 2.30; NIGHT, 8.15. *SWEET LIPS OF OLD DRURY*.

STELLA NELSON—*THE WIFE OF A SOLDIER*.

Even. Every Wed. and Sat. 2.30. Tel. Gerrard 3930.

£500

IF IT CAN BE SCIENTIFICALLY DEMONSTRATED THAT THE MULLER NUTRIENT IS NOT SUPERIOR AS A POTENT NERVE FOOD TO ALL PREPARATIONS OF GLYCEROPHOSPHATES AND MILK CASEIN, WHETHER THEY BE OF ENGLISH OR GERMAN ORIGIN.

REWARD.

"going"—when they get

stratation "you can now try for yourself free.

The Muller Laboratories have put aside 10,000

full-sized boxes of Dr. Muller's Nerve Nutrient for

free distribution amongst readers suffering from any

nervous ailment.

Each box contains sufficient to last for seven

days. Its usual price is 2s. 9d. Yet by writing for

it to-day you can obtain the whole week's supply

free.

You are asked to enclose 2 stamps only to defray

the cost of packing and postage. That is all it costs

you. In return the box of Dr. Muller's Nerve Nutrient

will be sent to you as a free gift. It will enable you

to rebuild your nerves, enrich your blood, relieve your

nervous trouble, and make your blood strong and well

and full of vitality, force, and power.

With this week's free course of Dr. Muller's

Nerve-Nutrient will be sent full directions for use

and a presentation copy of Dr. Muller's Book on the

Nervous System and its requirements for health.

Published in Jan., this Book will also be sent

you FREE.

This generous offer is only intended to be taken

advantage of once, and only one free-outfit can be

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Send up your full name and address, with two

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Laboratories, 92, Great Russell-street, London,

W.C., and the booklet and a sample packet of the

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Sufferers and Inquirers calling at the Consulting

Offices, 92, Great Russell-street, London, W.C., can

see the Acting Consultant, who will be pleased to

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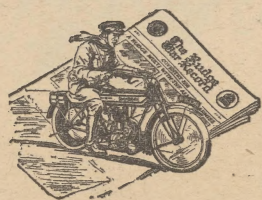
The Muller Nutrient can be ordered from Boots'

Branches, Harrold's, Whitley's, John Barker's, the

Army and Navy Stores, and from all high-class

Chemists.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT



A special issue of a miniature newspaper, "The Rudge War Record," has just been published. It contains many photos showing actual scenes in the strenuous life of military cyclists and motor cyclists at the front, and includes vivid descriptions by Rudge riders of their personal experiences in the exciting work of dispatch riding.

Incidentally, it affords abundant proof, if that were needed, of the unrivalled reliability of Rudge workmanship, whether in motor cycle or "push" bicycle.

"The Rudge War Record" will be sent free on application, together with our new 1915 Catalogues. Write a postcard now.

Rudge-Whitworth, Ltd. (Dept. 403), Coventry.

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23, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

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R310

"Cocoa" is made by "Cadbury's"

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"THE VERY FINEST PRODUCTS."

The Medical Magazine.

Cadbury's Mexican Chocolate is the best plain Chocolate

PERSONAL.

AWAITING instructions.—Reuby.

O. M. L.—Thanks, darling. Soon as possible.

STEELE.—Were you T.P. at P.O.J. last summer?—Williams.

F.—Friends busy walking. Look in 6.30 Topfloor line.—

Constantly True.

SECRET Inquiries! Trailings—Rivers, Private Detective.

20, Regent-st., London.

HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity;

ladies only.—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st., W.

* The above advertisements are charged at the rate of 6d. per word (minimum 8 words). Trade advertisement in

Personal Column 10d. per word (minimum 8 words). Address Advertisement Manager, "Daily Mirror," 23-29, Boulevard, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CORNS Destroyed in 5 days by Needham's Corn Silk, 7d.

—Needham's, 297, Edgware-road, London, W.

ARTICLES FOR DISPOSAL.

A CUTLERY Service, 50 pieces 25s. A1 silver plate, finest Sheffield knives, ideal wedding outfit, everything required; perfectly new; approval willingly.—Mrs. Rowles,

59, Second-avenue, Manor Park, Essex.

A HISTORIC Dainty China—100 perfect pieces 21s., complete dinner set for 12, tea and breakfast set for 12, hot-water jug, teapot, and a set of 3 jugs; all to match; each piece thin and beautifully finished; value for free

catalogue.—Vincent Fine Art Pottery, 25, Burslem.

BABY Cars, direct from factory, on approval; carriage paid; we save you 5s. in the £1; cash or easy payments from 4s. monthly; send for splendid new catalogue free.—Direct Public Supply Co. (Dept. 74), Coventry.

MARKETING BY POST.

GAME! Game! Game! 11-4 partridges, 3s. 9d.; 3 hare, 3 hen, 3s. 9d.; 2 wild duck, 4s. 6d.; 3 teal; 3s. 5d.; wild

duck and 3 partridges, 5s.; 4lb. shoulder lamb and 2 partridges, 5s. 6d.; hare and 2 white grouse, 5s. 5d.; hare and 2

partridges, 5s. 6d.; all carriage paid; all birds trusted.—Frost's Stores Ltd., 278 and 281, Edgware-road, London, W.

BE SURE AND READ TO-DAY'S DRAMATIC INSTALMENT.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.



"A laggard in love and a laggard in war, What did they give him his manhood for?"

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, an easy-going young fellow who has allowed himself to become slack.

SONIA MARKHAM, a charming girl who abominates cowardice in any form.

LADY MERRIAM, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions into society.

FRANCIS MONTAGUE, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps through an accident.

RICHARD CHATTERTON is dozing in his club-room. He is dozing not because he particularly wants to, but because he has nothing better to do. He is not really a slacker at heart, but he badly wants rousing out of himself.

Just lately his lazy serenity has been ruffled by one or two little disturbing incidents. One of them in particular is concerned with the charming girl he is engaged to—Sonia Markham. As Richard Chatterton's thoughts drift on, he begins to realise more definitely that a shadow of something has been creeping between them lately. It is very unpleasant, as Sonia—and her wealth—will suit him admirably.

His reflections are interrupted by the sound of voices. From among the trees in an armchair, Richard Chatterton cannot be seen. He recognises the voices of old Jardine and Montague. Montague, who is late to be his best man. As usual, they are talking about the war—and Chatterton is fed up with hearing about the war.

Suddenly Chatterton lies on his back. "Why doesn't Dick Chatterton go to the front?" old Jardine is saying. "A great, healthy fellow like this." "Dick's a slacker and always will be," replies Montague. "He's not likely to rough it in the trenches when he's got an armchair at home and an allowance of £200,000 a year waiting to marry him. . . . He doesn't care two straws about her—it's only the money he's after. . . . After a few more words they go out."

Richard Chatterton feels as though a stream of ice water had been sprayed down his back. Did they think he was afraid to go out? He had thought of doing so, he told himself. But he couldn't very well, as Sonia cared for him so much. He is shaken with a variety of emotions. Finally, he goes off to Lady Merriam's, with whom Sonia is staying.

Sonia's pretty eyes look at him in a curious way. The only question she asks is for the latest news of the war. The sky happiness with which she used to greet him has gone. For the first time Richard wonders if she, too, believes that he is marrying her for her money. There is a little scene between them. Ruffled and very angry, Richard leaves her house. He thinks of Montague; he will have it out with him. But Montague is not in, and Richard sits down to wait.

While he is waiting the telephone rings, and as no one answers it he takes up the receiver. "It's his astonishment," says Sonia, peaking. "Francis," she says, "I'm going to do what you ask me. I saw Richard to-day, and I can't marry him. He is shaken with a variety of emotions. I'll come away with you and marry you as soon as you like."

At the dance, which Richard Chatterton attends, Sonia speaks to Montague about the telephone message. To her horror, he tells her that he never had her message.

Instinctively, Sonia knows that it was Richard who had received the message. But when he comes to her, sick at heart and realising what he is losing, she believes in Montague's insinuations about him, breaks off her engagement with him.

Richard Chatterton, blind with jealousy, strides away and runs into the arms of Montague. There is a violent scene, and all pretence of friendship is broken down. Lady Merriam and old Jardine talk the situation over.

"WHAT ARE WE TO DO?"

OLD Jardine rubbed his chin with an agitated hand, and looked down at Lady Merriam with an irate expression on his face.

"But I tell you I can't get hold of the lad!" he said exasperatedly. "I haven't set eyes on him since the night of that confounded ball, and you know what happened there! If it hadn't been for me there would have been the most awful scandal. I never knew Chatterton had it in him to be so furious; he'd have settled Montague if I hadn't come along. . . . Not so sure that he didn't deserve it, for all that," he added grumpily.

Lady Merriam frowned.

"So now it seems that you're at the bottom of all the trouble," she said unkindly. "I really thought better things of you."

"Hang it all, I'm sick enough about it," he submitted gloomily. "But who'd have guessed that Chatterton was asleep in the room all the time! He was quite honest about it; told us 'd'no nothing' of listening in the first place, but that afterwards he stayed where he was deliberately to hear what we'd got to say, and serve us both right; like a pair of gossiping women we were; blessed if I know what started the conversation."

"Montague, I should imagine," said her ladyship dryly. "That man's a snake in the grass. I never liked him, as you know. He's worked all this beautifully, only Sonia can't see it. Of course, she's made a hero of him; thinks he

really minds not being able to go to the front, though it's my opinion that he could go if he wanted to," she added brusquely.

"Come, come!" Old Jardine shook his head reprovingly, though there was a smile in his eyes. "We must give the devil his due, you know. They don't take men with broken kneecaps and stiff joints; but that's beside the point. Does he come here often?"

"Even Chat, he got up and walked out of the room yesterday when he called, as a silent protest. I suppose it was rude, but—well, I always have to show what I feel."

The whole thing's dreadful to my way of thinking. Sonia will hardly go outside the house; you know how sensitive she is; she cried her eyes out, poor child, the morning that notice appeared in the *Post* saying there would be no wedding. I had to insert it—it was impossible to call on everyone personally and tell them. She persists that she cares nothing for Richard Chatterton, but—well, I've got my own opinion on the subject."

Old Jardine rubbed his chin again. "If I could only get hold of him," he said ruefully; "it would be something. I've written twice, asking him to come and see me or let me call and see him, but he won't answer. I've called at the flat half a dozen times, and that man of his insists that he's never in. He keeps clear of the club, and I can't find a single man of his acquaintance who's seen him since the night of that confounded ball, and that's a week ago."

"I expect the poor boy is like Dick Swivelier—dodging his creditors," said Lady Merriam. "I hope he's not dodging me or let me come down on him like a pack of wolves when they heard that his engagement to Sonia was at an end. You know, in spite of everything, my sympathies are entirely for Richard."

Old Jardine turned from a moody contemplation of a vase of flowers.

"I'm glad to hear you say that—fashed glad," he said heartily. "I feel entirely the same way myself. I hear that they came down on him like a pack of wolves when they heard that his engagement to Sonia was at an end. You know, in spite of everything, my sympathies are entirely for Richard. . . . He's not likely to rough it in the trenches when he's got an armchair at home and an allowance of £200,000 a year waiting to marry him. . . . He doesn't care two straws about her—it's only the money he's after. . . . After a few more words they go out."

Richard Chatterton feels as though a stream of ice water had been sprayed down his back. Did they think he was afraid to go out? He had thought of doing so, he told himself. But he couldn't very well, as Sonia cared for him so much. He is shaken with a variety of emotions. Finally, he goes off to Lady Merriam's, with whom Sonia is staying.

Sonia's pretty eyes look at him in a curious way. The only question she asks is for the latest news of the war. The sky happiness with which she used to greet him has gone. For the first time Richard wonders if she, too, believes that he is marrying her for her money. There is a little scene between them. Ruffled and very angry, Richard leaves her house. He thinks of Montague; he will have it out with him. But Montague is not in, and Richard sits down to wait.

While he is waiting the telephone rings, and as no one answers it he takes up the receiver. "It's his astonishment," says Sonia, peaking. "Francis," she says, "I'm going to do what you ask me. I saw Richard to-day, and I can't marry him. He is shaken with a variety of emotions. I'll come away with you and marry you as soon as you like."

At the dance, which Richard Chatterton attends, Sonia speaks to Montague about the telephone message. To her horror, he tells her that he never had her message.

Instinctively, Sonia knows that it was Richard who had received the message. But when he comes to her, sick at heart and realising what he is losing, she believes in Montague's insinuations about him, breaks off her engagement with him.

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"I should like to stay, but I'm going round to Chatterton's again; I dare say that man of his will refuse to let me in; but if he does, I'm going to stay on the step till I do see him; he's got to come out some time or other, and then . . ." he broke off as the door opened and Sonia came into the room, followed by Montague.

THE FIGURE IN KHAKI.

THERE was a little silence; Lady Merriam went back to her chair and took up a book; Jardine nodded a curt "How do?" to Montague; he had already shaken hands with Sonia.

Montague was looking very smiling and serene, and had met Sonia in the park, he informed the company generally, and had walked home with her.

"He is going to stay dinner, if you don't mind, Lady Merriam," Sonia interrupted in her clear voice.

She was looking very pretty, and not at all unhappy. Jardine thought with a sort of chagrin. He would have been better pleased to have seen her with pale cheeks and sad eyes; he was not quite sufficiently versed in the ways of women to realise that they are proverbially clever at hiding pain, and that Sonia's rather listless and running fire of talk covered restlessness and unhappiness.

She chatted about everything under the sun; she asked Jardine if he had heard how much the Red Cross Fund benefited by last week's ball; she alluded to it as if nothing of import or tragedy had happened that night; she said that she wished somebody would get up another as she had enjoyed it so much.

Lady Merriam looked up from her book at that.

"You didn't stay long, anyway," she said bluntly. "If you remember we were home before twelve; you had a headache."

She was sorry for her words when she saw how the girl winced, but it exasperated her to see Montague standing there so smiling and confident.

Old Jardine rushed gallantly to the rescue. He declared he must go; he covered Sonia's

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THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

A New Admiral of the Fleet.

When I read yesterday that Sir Hedworth Meux had hoisted his flag on the old Victory for the first time as Admiral of the Fleet I recalled an event not yet two years old which is now almost historical. It was the launching of the Queen Elizabeth at Portsmouth, a ceremony upon which Lady Meux presided.



Sir Hedworth Meux.

Now We Know.

I went down to Portsmouth to see the giant battleship take the water for the first time, and we all speculated then as to what she would do if and when the time came. We are learning now.

Saw It All.

Sir Hedworth is peculiarly interested in the Queen Elizabeth. He was appointed Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth a few months before the laying down of the keel of the newest of battleships. She was constructed in marvellously quick time under his rule, launched by his wife, and sailed for the real thing under his eyes.

Booked a Music-hall.

To commemorate the launching of the Queen Elizabeth Lady Meux booked the whole of a Portsmouth music-hall and entertained all the workmen employed in building the ship to an evening's entertainment there.

Own Temple Bar.

By the way, Lord and Lady Meux own old Temple Bar. It is one of the gates of their place in Hertfordshire—Theobald's Park, near Waltham Abbey.

Sea-Booting the Periscope.

Sailors have been vastly tickled by some of the amateur suggestions for dealing with German submarines, and a young officer serving in a destroyer explained to me yesterday that a common phrase applied in the Fleet to scatter-brained tacticians is "the people who want to blind a submarine by dropping a sea-boot over the periscope."

The Precocious Submarine.

In these days of huge submarines it seems hard to realise how young the submarine really is. I was reminded of this at lunch yesterday by a fair lady, who recalled over the jubilation about the U8 news how we both went aboard—or should one say in-board?—a submarine on one afternoon that doesn't seem so very long ago.

Hats Off!

My women readers can date the period for me; it was in the days of the very large hat. The Merry Widow hat, only larger. My yesterday's luncheon companion was wearing one of the very biggest of hats, it is true, but she had to take it off before she could pass through the hatchway that led from the submarine's tiny deck to its cramped interior. The modern submarine could lose boats of the size of that one we inspected.

Prince Alexander Promoted.

Prince Alexander of Teck, the Queen's youngest brother, has, I see, been promoted from major to brevet-lieutenant-colonel in the 2nd Life Guards. He is serving at the front, and several stories of his coolness under fire have reached England since the war broke out. On one occasion, when the Germans were advancing, he stood calmly smoking, quite indifferent to the enemy's approach or the shells that were bursting within a few yards of him.

Won the D.S.O.

The present campaign is not his first experience of active service. He served in Matabeleland in 1896, and was mentioned in dispatches for his brilliant handling of a party of Hussars. Taking part later in the Boer War, he was again mentioned in dispatches, and was awarded the D.S.O. Before entering the Life Guards he served as a captain in the 7th Hussars, and later in the Royal Horse Guards.

Appointed Governor-General.

In May of last year Prince Alexander was appointed to succeed the Duke of Connaught, whose term of office as Governor-General was due to expire last October. The outbreak of war, however, necessitated an alteration of this arrangement, and the Duke's tenure of the post was extended until the war is over.

Not So Bad.

They are merry souls, these "Tommys." I overheard one of them the other night, weary and war-worn, just back from the front, telling a sociable old gentleman in an Underground carriage just what it was like. "It's not so bad, sir," he said. "I belong to the Army Service Corps, and sleep in a wagon at night. We 'ave feather beds to sleep on."

The Hot Bath.

"Indeed," said the sociable old gentleman doubtfully. "Well, not exactly feathers," said "Tommy" with a grin. "We do sometimes find the sharp ends of the oats sticking in our backs. In the morning 'my orderly' 'e knocks at 'my door' and says: 'Will you 'ave a 'ot bath this morning, sir?' then fifty of us goes and washes in one pail. And the first one 'as to break the ice'!"

"Le Bon Fou."

Have you heard of "Le Bon Feu"? It is a fund that M. Pierre Wolf, of the *Figaro*, is organising in Paris to help the French actors and actresses, who are terribly hard hit by the war. Miss Marie Lohr sent me a charming little note about it yesterday. She is working hard for it over here.

The Poor Ones Are Cold.

The fund provides coal and other necessities for those of the artists who are penniless. And it seems many are, for M. Wolf writing to Miss Lohr says, "Misery is everywhere, and every theatre is closed. The poor ones are cold. Therefore, I venture to ask you



Miss Marie Lohr.

English artists to come to the help of our French artists." Miss Lohr has done wonderfully well up to date. She has charmed cheques from half the well-known members of our theatrical world, and many from the world of sport.

Miss Lohr Will Thank You.

But the charming actress is not satisfied yet. And if you want to help, Miss Lohr's address is 4, Cambridge-terrace, Regent's Park, N.W. She will thank you, and so will the sufferers in the once gay Paris.

Back to the Stage.

I heard yesterday from Miss Margaret Paul—perhaps better known as Miss Madge Hodgkinson, one of the bevy of pretty Gibson Girls who deserted Seymour Hicks's "Gay Gordons" to marry into wealth, title or both. She tells me that she is going back to the stage after an absence of two years.

The Marriage Mart.

I remember her marriage well. It caused quite a furore at the time, and was one of a series of about twelve following that of Miss Eva Carrington (Lady de Clifford). The germ of matrimony was very busy at the Aldwych on those days. Marriage became almost a disease in the "Gay Gordons," and it seemed, indeed, that wealth and titles were more plentiful than Gibson Girls.

Twins.

Miss Hodgkinson married Mr. Paul Harman Greenwood, a young Stock Exchange man, who comes of an old Worcestershire family. She has two charming little twin boys, Peter and Paul, to whom she is devoted. They are in their third year, and their god-parents are Mr. George Grossmith and Miss Phyllis Dare.

Harry Lauder—Playwright.

Harry Lauder has been for some time at work on a three-act play, which is now practically finished. It is a comedy of Scottish working-class life.

Lord Hugh Cecil—Airman.

There seems no doubt about it that that most versatile of the Cecils, Lord Hugh, is going to add flying to his other accomplishments. A man I know in the Air Service who was down at Shoreham early in the week tells me that Lord Hugh will have his pilot's certificate before the end of the month.



Lord Hugh Cecil.

In a Coal Pit.

Lord Hugh Cecil is not a young man to start flying; he is in the middle forties, but he is always keen for some new experience. A couple of years ago, I remember, he went down into a Welsh coal mine near Pontypridd.

The Price Would Rise.

To make the experiment complete he lay down on his back and hewed a piece of coal from the seam. He made the somewhat astonished miners roar when he got up by remarking dryly, "If you are not better at this job than I am the price of coal will go up soon."

Bands for "Tommy."

I hurried through my work yesterday so that I might get to the bands for "Tommy" Bohemian concert at the Queen's Hall that Mr. R. Woodman Burbridge has worked so hard to organise. It really was a fine concert. The Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayores were there, so were the Sheriffs of London City, and there were loud cheers when Mr. Burbridge announced that the concert had produced over £300 for the fund.

"Watch Your Step."

"Watch Your Step," the title chosen for the next big production at the Empire, means more to New York than it does to London. It is the equivalent of "Pass along the car, please," to the New York subway conductor, and a phrase that he is forever shouting as passengers pass on or off the cars.

And Why.

The reason is simple—it might well be applied to some London Underground stations. Many of the New York subway stations are on a curve. Between the curve of the platform and the straight footboard of the car there is a gaping space. Hence "Watch your step."

Tommy's "Accident."

When Tommy Atkins falls into a dereliction of duty or "comes the old soldier," as he phrases it, he generally manages to "cough up" a good excuse. Here is a case in point. Recently a private in the King's Own had the temerity to fall asleep during a lecture by his young platoon commander. His snores betrayed him. "What the deuce d'you mean by going to sleep?" demanded the lecturer, deeply offended. "Sorry, sir, but I didn't go to sleep; I fell asleep. It were all an accident."

But Why Have Fashions?

Women's clothing is becoming a question of absorbing interest to the German Government—second only, in fact, to the trouble of bread. At first the Hun bureaucrats only confined themselves to the question of killing French fashions and installing true German modes in their place. Now the *Vossische Zeitung* is beginning to ask, "Why have fashions at all?"

Making Women Economise.

The truth of the matter is that German women, like, I suppose, most women, are making some sort of an attempt at being decently dressed. German professors have so far failed as dress designers, and Government newspapers are complaining that Berlin women are still very extravagant. I have an idea that German women this year may be ordered to wear last year's clothes. Rather comic.

A Theatrical Racehorse Owner.

It is generally believed that Mr. Frank Curzon is going to emulate the feats of Mr. George Edwardes on the Turf this year. Well, he's a clever man, clever enough to make a fortune at racing.

THE RAMBLER.

BADGES & CRESTS OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES.



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Civil Service.	Worcestershire.
Canada.	Wiltshire.
Cameronians.	W. Yorkshire.
Coldstreams.	Australian Com'w'th.
Cheshire.	Army Pay Corps.
Durham L.I.	Argyll and Sutherland.
Devonshire.	British Columbia.
6th Dragoons.	Border Regiment.
E. Surrey.	48th Canadian High'lr.
Essex.	25th City of London.
E. Lancasters.	12th City of London.
Gloucesters.	13th County of London.
Grenadiers.	20th County of London.
Gordons.	21st County of London.
Herts I.Y.	Connaught Rangers.
Herts Regiment.	Cameron Highlanders.
Highland L.I.	Duke of Lancaster's.
Hampshire.	Duke of Cornwall's L.I.
H.A.C.	3rd, 7th, 13th, 15th.
Isle of Wight.	18th, 19th and 20th.
Irish Guards.	Hussars.
K.K.R.	Imperial Service.
K.O.R. Lancs.	16th and 17th Lancers.
K.O. Scottish B.	London Scottish.
L.R.B.	Loyal N. Lancaster.
Lincolns.	Northumberland Fus.
Leicester.	Oxford and Bucks L.I.
London Irish.	Princess of Wales Yeo.
Machine Gun.	Post Office Rifles.
Middlesex.	Queen's O.R.W. Kent.
Manchester.	Queen's Victoria's Rifles.
Naval Brigade.	Queen's Westminsters.
Newfoundland.	R. Warwickshire.
Northampton.	R. Dublin Fusiliers.
Norfolk.	R. Bucks Hussars.
N. Staffords.	R. Flying Corps.
Public Schools.	Sherwood Foresters.
R. Engineers.	S.W. Borderers.
R. Berks.	S. Notis Hussars.
R. Fusiliers.	Scottish Borderers.
R.A.M.C.	Westminster Dragoons.
Rifle Brigade.	W. Riding Yorks.
R. Sussex.	York and Lancaster.
R.F.W. Surrey.	York Dragoon Guards.
R.G.A.	9th Lancers.
R.M.L.I.	Irish Fusiliers.
R. Scots.	R. Scots Fusiliers.
R.W. Kent.	Cinque Ports.
Suffolk.	R. Welsh Fusiliers.
Scots Guards.	2nd Life Guards.



Royal Army Medical Corps.



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RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

(Continued from page 9.)

quite respectful, but decided. Old Jardine grew red.

"The same old tale," he said, frantically. "Whenever I call you tell me your master is either out or engaged. Very well then, I'll wait till he's disengaged, that's all; and, if you haven't got the manners to ask me in, I'll wait out here on the step."

The man looked distressed.

"I'm only obeying orders, sir, and Mr. Chatterton's orders were that he is not at home to anybody."

"But, confound it all, I'm a friend of his. Have you told him that I've called half a dozen times? My name's Jardine. Tell him that Jardine wishes to see him—that it's very important."

"I've delivered all your messages, sir. I'm very sorry, but Mr. Chatterton was most firm. Old Jardine lost his temper."

"Very well. Shut the door in my face. I can sit on the step, and he'll fall over me when he comes out. When I make up my mind to a thing, young man, I stick to it, and I'm going to see your master before I leave this place."

He drew back a pace, looking round as if to find a suitable spot in which to put his words into action. Carter broke out hurriedly:—

"You are making it most awkward for me, sir. It's impossible for me to shut the door as you suggest, and—"

He had momentarily relaxed his vigilance, and with a swift movement, old Jardine brushed him aside unceremoniously and stepped into the hall.

"I'll take the blame—I'll take all the blame," he said grandly. "You'll not suffer for this in the least."

He crossed the narrow hall in a couple of strides and pushed open the closed door of Chatterton's sitting-room.

At first glance it looked to him as if an earthquake had taken place there; the table and chairs were strewn with things; a portmanteau over which a man in uniform was bending, yawned wide in the centre of the hearthrug.

At sound of the opening of the door, the man straightened his long back and turned. Old Jardine gave a stifled exclamation, and for a moment stood stock still, a curious mixture of delight and dismay on his jovial face. Then he rushed forward with outstretched hands.

"My dear boy—my dear boy—"

But the tall man in the khaki uniform drew back a very decided step, a hard expression about his eyes and mouth.

"I can hardly imagine that you wish to shake hands with me," said Richard Chatterton curtly.

There will be another splendid instalment on Monday.

SELECTIONS FOR MANCHESTER.

2. 0.—Paddock Hurdle—WHITAKER'S SELECTED.
2. 30.—Borough Steeplechase—FINCHALE.
3. 10.—March Hare Steeplechase—BERNSTEIN.
3. 40.—Saturday Hurdle—MAFIOSSO.
4. 5.—Elsesmere Steeplechase—ROY BARKER.
4. 50.—Egerton Hurdle—NARCISSE.
DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.
BERNSTEIN and MAFIOSSO.
BOUVERIE.

MANCHESTER RACING RETURNS.

2. 10.—Chalony Chase. 3m.—Prince Francis (10-1).
Daintily, 1; Simon Mac (11-10), 2; Blair Hampton (20-1), 3.
2. 30.—City Hurdle. 2m.—Village Schoolmaster (10-1).
Eland, 1; Ballareen (10-1), 2; Marchog Gwyn (2-1), 3.
3. 0.—Alderley Hurdle. 2m.—Cigar (5-6, Pigott), 1;
Gum Shoe (8-1), 2; Tremolite (4-1), 3.
3. 30.—Brougham Chase. 2m.—Salvation (5-6, Daintily), 1;
Port of Spain (5-1), 2; Stonebridge (5-1), 3.
4. 0.—March Hare Steeplechase—Excelsior (5-6, Smyth), 1;
West (5-1), 2; Katanga (5-2), 3.
4. 30.—Cheshire Chase. 1m.—Lycabett (10-1, Tighe), 1;
Bell Toll (5-1), 2; Repp (10-1), 3.
9. 10.—

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NEWS ITEMS.

New £50,000,000 Loan.

The issue of fifty millions sterling of Exchange bonds at 3 per cent. was announced in last night's *London Gazette*.

Captain Who Never Made a Mistake.

Captain Robert Fletcher, commander of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.'s new Liverpool liner Darro, who earned the reputation of never having made a mistake, died at sea yesterday.

Two Live on 4s. 6d. per Week.

"We do sometimes go a bit short," admitted an old-age pensioner at the Westminster Coroner's Court yesterday. With his wife he had been living on his old-age pension of 5s., less 6d. for rent.

Alexandra Day Named.

Alexandra Day this year has been fixed for Wednesday, June 23, and any new places wishing to join in the celebration should apply as soon as possible to the Organising Secretary, 10, West Bolton-gardens, S.W.

1,505 Patriots of the City.

The Lord Mayor unveiled yesterday, at St. Michael's, Cornhill, a roll of honour containing the names of 1,505 soldiers and sailors who have enlisted from the parishes of St. Michael's, St. Peter le Poor and St. Benet Fink.

Bombardment Compensation.

At West Hartlepool County Court yesterday the Judge apportioned compensation of £200 between the widow and two daughters of the second mate of a steamer who was killed on his vessel by a fragment of a shell during the Hartlepool bombardment.

Stationmaster's Error.

Reporting on a double collision which occurred near Streatham Common Station (London, Brighton and South Coast Railway) on January 22, Lieutenant-Colonel von Donop says the first collision was almost entirely due to the error of Stationmaster Brown.

MORAN'S LIGHT TRAINING!

American Sailor Boxer's Day's Work Preparing for Wells.

Frank Moran is leaving no stone unturned in his endeavours to get thoroughly fit for his match with Bombardier Wells on March 29 at the London Opera House. He is working up to physical fitness by gradual but steady stages.

He told me yesterday that for a big man to try and take too much out of himself at the beginning of his work is asking for trouble. It is necessary for him to have the reserve of heart power for the big effort when the pinch comes.

Still, few men would care to go through the work that Moran calls light training. Sprinting, skipping, ball-punching, shadow boxing, and hard, slogging road work fill in pretty much of his time.

Like all men worth their salt at sport, the big American is a devotee of the oiled of the open air. He is only twenty-seven, but in addition to having graduated as a dentist he has found time to put in four and a half years in the American Navy.

"Gee," said he yesterday, "if Teddy Roosevelt had been President of the States-to-day I should probably be one of 250,000 men fighting in France by this time."

"Still, I don't envy the fellows who are spending the winter in the North Sea. I once went round the Cape in a torpedo-destroyer, and it was the most uncomfortable time I ever had in my life."

Naturally Moran is confident, and he is looking forward to the better time he will have after taking the big end of a fat purse. "I went twenty rounds with that nigger Jack Johnson and did not get a penny piece out of it."

Rickets are going well. They can be obtained at the Opera House, of Messrs. Keith Prowse, and all the usual libraries. P. J. M.

Military cross-country races will take place to-day at Enn, Lewes and Aldershot. The Highgate Harriers will decide their ten miles championship at Golders Green.

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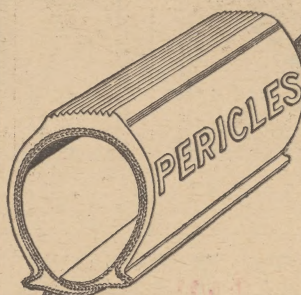
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Naval Action in North Sea

KAISER'S WOOLLEN CAP.

P. 121



Here is the Kaiser photographed in the eastern area of war wearing a grey woollen cap drawn over his head under his helmet.

COLOURED SPRINTER JOINS BRITISH ARMY.

P. 1771



Eldridge Eastman, the famous coloured sprinter and world's record holder (professional), has joined the Northumberland Fusiliers. He is seen here being instructed in rifle practice and at Swedish drill. Eastman was training at New Brunswick when war broke out. Then he came to England and joined the Army.

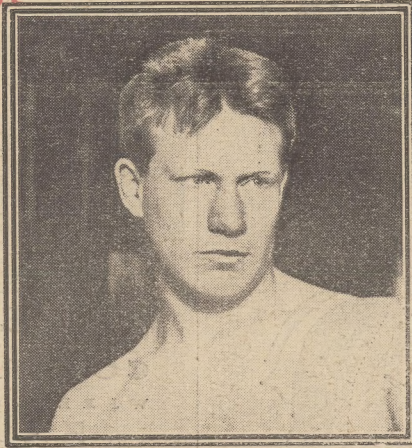
THE GREAT BOXING MATCH: FRANK MORAN STARTS TRAINING FOR HIS CONTEST WITH WELLS.

P. 1632

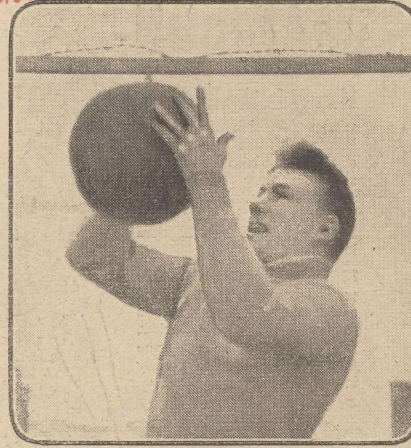
P. 1632



Moran enjoys the skipping rope.



Frank Moran, whom no one can "knock out."



A turn with the medicine ball.

Enormous public interest has already been aroused by the great boxing match of the year between Bombardier Wells and Frank Moran, the American champion, which

takes place at the London Opera House on the 29th of this month. Moran, who is a Pittsburg dentist, has started training at Whetstone. —(Daily Mirror photographs.)